THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JANUARY, 1809.

MRS. C. KEMBLE.

Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival should with *her* dispute the claim!
But justice may not partial trophies raise,
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise;
Still hand in hand *her words and actions go,*
And the heart feels more than the features shew.

Churchill.

IN laying before the public, memoirs of eminent characters, no task can be so satisfactory as that of uniting with conspicuous abilities the more praise worthy example of individual worth; nor can we select, from the numerous candidates for fame, one who affords a more amiable and striking specimen of this happy union than the subject of our present memoir.

Miss de Camp was born at Vienna, on the 17th of January, 1774. Her father, whose real name, it is said, was De Fleury, was descended from a noble family, yet not enjoying a sufficiency to support his proper rank, he availed himself of his extraordinary musical talents to increase the

comforts of his infant family. He repaired to England, in the hope of meeting that encouragement from the taste and liberality of this country, which it is so universally extolled for bestowing, but fortune perversely frowned on his efforts, and the abilities of his children, particularly those of Theresa De Camp (now Mrs. C. Kemble), seemed to offer a prospect of still greater pecuniary advantage.

Miss de Camp, abounding in personal and mental advantages, was engaged at the Opera House when only six years of age, and was there retained, as the *Cupidon* of Novarre's Ballet; her infantile grace and agility captivating every spectator. In the summer she was engaged at the Circus, from which she was, through the interest of the Prince of Wales, removed to the theatre in the Haymarket; and, after having acquired well-merited fame by her performance of the juvenile parts allotted to her, she obtained a permanent engagement at Drury Lane, under the management of Mr. King.

Miss De Camp, then only twelve years of age, could with difficulty speak our language, but her engaging manners and lively genius having fortunately obtained her the patronage of many distinguished personages, the obstacle which impeded her advancement in the profession for which nature and inclination seemed to have designed her, was speedily removed. She was instructed by the Vicountess Percival in reading, writing, and arithmetic; while the accomplished Miss Buchanan was her preceptress in music, Italian, and Geography.

Thus assisted and prepared, Miss De Camp, with modest confidence, made her debut in the part of Julia, in Richard Cœur de Lion, and contributed, in great measure, to the success of that elegant piece. Her voice was melodious, powerful, and regulated with judgment, while her grace, activity, and the *naïve* expression of her countenance, gave unlooked for interest to the part. About this time she had the severe affliction to lose her father, who left a wife, a son, and three infant daughters, almost wholly dependent on Miss

De Camp for assistance and support. It is in this interesting point of view that we proudly present her to our readers, as a pattern of the fairest excellence: with chearful alacrity she redoubled her exertions, and with persevering assiduity varied her talents to the caprices of taste or whim; and supported, with more than usual spirit, the various characters allotted to her. In the song and the dance she was alike captivating; the serious drama acquired dignity and interest in her hands; and, in parts which called forth her comic powers, she was inimitable. Her performance of Caroline, in the Prize, and the Mock Italian Song, which is introduced, stamped her reputation of talent beyond dispute; yet a more embarrassing situation awaited her, and one which might have crushed her beneath the weight of public ridicule, never to rise again.

In the summer season of 1792, Mr. Johnstone, for his benefit, whimsically chose to reverse the characters in the Beggar's Opera—himself selecting the part of Lucy—Old Bannister, Polly; while that of Captain Macheath was alloted to our heroine. In this arduous trial she acquitted herself with such astonishing ease, that she gathered new laurels from the hazardous enterprise; and has ever since been high in favour with a discerning public.

Her close application to a profession, in many instances irksome and laborious, however dazzling it may appear to an unconcerned spectator, brought on an alarming indisposition, and, by the advice of her physicians, she again visited the continent, during the late peace, and there engaged the affections of Mr. Charles Kemble: objections on the side of his family, for several years impeded their union, though it is in general believed that a private marriage took place about that period. Miss De Camp returned to England with renovated health and spirits, and renewed her theatrical career with all her wonted energy. The undeviating propriety of her conduct, amidst the various dangers and temptations to which her situation exposed her; the winning charms of her amiable disposition, and her

faithful attachment to the object of her heart's first choice, have at length conducted her to the attainment of her dearest wishes, and made her the wife of a gentleman, whose personal attractions, elegant manners, and integrity of heart, are universally acknowledged. Mr. C. Kemble, in addition to his other accomplishments, has a taste for literature, and has successfully translated several dramas; which, however severely they may have been satirised by critical malignity, are nevertheless creditable specimens of his genius. "The Point of Honour,"—"The Deserter," and "The Wanderer," will ever find friends, while the hearts of the auditors are open to the emotions of sensibility, or are susceptible of enthusiasm. Mrs. C. Kemble has also been successful in several literary attempts.

It may be advanced, that the public have no right to investigate the private merits of performers; but from that opinion we must invariably dissent. When we behold those characters, which should impress us with the most lively admiration of virtue, supported by persons whose flagrant misconduct fills us with disgust, we feel inspired with unconquerable aversion at hypocrisy so consummate. Nature and reason are outraged, and the temporary mask of virtue renders the features of vice more odious. Happily, protected by the arms of an affectionate husband, Mrs. C. Kemble may look back on her past life with the most heart-soothing reflections. To her own exertions she may ascribe the fame and competence she now enjoys; to her rectitude of conduct, an establishment so delightful to her feelings, and to her own generous mind and filial piety, the future advancement of those allied to her in the tender bonds of consanguinity.

The person of Mrs. C. Kemble is too well known to need description, and, in the portrait annexed, the utmost ability of the artist can present no beauties equal to those which are found in a virtuous mind.

The well arranged drapery may give elegance to her form, the close vestment display the symmetry of her shape, or

the fanciful costume of foreign countries captivate the eye; but the dutiful child, the affectionate sister, the faithful wife, and the tender mother, require but one habit, and that is the dress in which Mrs. C. Kemble appears to the greatest advantage, and in which she may make her most successful appeal to a higher tribunal that even than of a British audience.

THE BUSY BODY.

NO. IX.

Life is a sea, whence storms must rise,
'Tis folly talks of cloudless skies.

Cotton.

THE young and the sanguine entering on the matrimonial state, eagerly anticipate a life of boundless felicity; yet, unfortunately, each expects that indulgent forbearance from the other, which neither is properly prepared to pay; and it often happens that their very affection for each other is, in ungovernable tempers, the principal source of domestic infelicity, while the evil is frequently aggravated by the injudicious and unseasonble interference of those *busy bodies* who, under the mask of friendship, conceal the disgusting features of malice and envy. Far from my heart be such base purposes! In avowing myself one of the tribe, I may have subjected myself to obloquy and suspicion, but my intentions will bear the strictest investigation; and if I have sometimes too impertinently pryed into the concerns of others, I have always hitherto experienced the satisfaction of an approving conscience. As a proof of this, I will venture to lay before my readers the following dialogue, with its consequences, which occurred while I was on a visit to an old friend and school-fellow. Mrs. Dorincourt was a young bride, and had been with her husband to a gay party, whither I declined accompanying

them. They staid late, and as my room was only divided from theirs by a slight partition, I overheard every word of their conversation.

Dorincourt and Ellinor, just returned from a visit.

Ellinor.—My dearest Henry, what a delightful evening I have passed at Mrs. B——'s; you seemed in your best spirits, my love.

Dorin.—How could I be otherwise, my beloved, when I saw you happy? Never did I see my adored Ellinor so lovely and fascinating.

Ellinor.—I am glad that matrimony has improved me in your eyes, love;—but seriously now, dear, I thought you looked at me very seldom!

Dorin.—Dearest creature! I could not engross you all to myself; but you was surrounded with admirers, my Ellinor; Captain Vainlove followed you like a shadow.

Ellinor.—He is an entertaining little fellow; and as you, my dear, was so intently occupied with Miss Sostenuto, and her enchanting music, I should really have felt a little chagrined, if it had not been for the captain's attentions.

Dorin.—I hope you did not find them too agreeable, Ellinor?

Ellinor.—That is a very absurd idea, Dorincourt; surely conscience did not whisper you that you deserved a repique!

Dorin.—Pray, Mrs. Dorincourt, what do you mean to insinuate by that hint?

Ellinor.—Oh, Mr. Dorincourt! you are touched, are you? Why then, to speak the truth, I do not much like being overlooked in company by my husband.

Dorin.—And, to be equally plain with you, I must say, I do not much like being laughed at by my wife. The captain and you seemed to be rather merry.

Ellinor.—And if your eyes and ears had not been wholly engrossed by admiration of Miss Sostinuto, sir, you would have discovered the cause of our mirth.

Dorin.—I think it may be easily guessed, madam; but your levity rather surprises me, I own.

Ellinor.—My levity, sir; I scorn the assertion. However, I see you are tired of me, and shall know how to act.

Dorin.—Since you are come to that, madam, you will not find me the easy dupe you may expect.

Ellinor.—You are a mean spirited wretch, and I despise your suspicions.

Dorin.—You are an infamous woman, and I scorn to have any further intercourse with you.

Ellinor.—As you please, Mr. Hypocrite! thank heaven, I have too much spirit to heed your blustering.

Dorin.—And I too much honour to sanction your vile proceedings, fool that I was to marry such an affected artful jilt.

Ellinor.—Rather say that I was the fool to unite myself with such a conceited, bare-faced libertine. But I will submit no longer to such usage.

Dorin.—Proper measures shall be taken to-morrow.

Ellinor.—The sooner the better, detestable tyrant!

Dorin.—Hideous woman! I abhor the sight of you.

[*Exeunt severally in a rage.*

* * * * * *

Mrs. Dorincourt having quitted her husband's apartment in the height of resentment, knocked at my door for admission; I instantly let her in, and affecting ignorance of what had passed, begged to know the occasion of her unexpected visit; she immediately related the particulars of their quarrel, with a thousand aggravations, which I readily detected, but forbore making any comment at that time. "Did you ever hear of such usage?" she cried, pacing the room with agitated steps. "If he thinks I will submit to this treatment, I will convince him he is mistaken; I would quit the house to night, if I could get a coach; but I will be off early to morrow morning, and you my dear friend will have the goodness to pack up my things, and

send them to my aunt's: I suppose the wretch will not attempt to detain them." I yielded a ready assent to whatever she proposed, and when the ebullitions of her rage were in some degree subsided, persuaded her to come to bed: I then began a pretended condolement with her on the baseness of her husband's conduct, adding, with apparent sympathy, at every sentence, in which I took care to point out innumerable instances of his kind attention and sincere regard, "Who would have thought he could alter so?" by degrees, this moved her to tears, and I contrived to keep her awake till morning, recalling the most tender remembrances to her mind. At length nature was exhausted, and she fell into a sound sleep; this was what I wished for; I stole softly from her side, and having dressed myself as if for going out, descended to the breakfast room. Mr. Dorincourt was already there; I immediately accosted him. "Sir, I am extremely sorry for what has happened, and trust you will act in a becoming manner; you will have the goodness to let me select from your wife's wardrobe such articles as she may have immediate occasion for; the rest you can send at your pleasure." "Certainly, madam: I perceive you are prepared to accompany Mrs. Dorincourt, and no doubt countenance her in her misconduct," said he, sullenly.

"Heaven forbid!" said I, emphatically, "that I should countenance her in any action that would involve her in so much misery."

"It is her own seeking."

"Perhaps not: her regard for you is too sincere, to let her be happy under your displeasure; but if you have not the forbearance to overlook those errors of temper, which you indulge in yourself with such unlimited licence, I cannot but applaud her spirit in determining on a separation. Though young and unprotected as she is, who knows what may be her fate!" I saw his countenance change. "Faulty as she is," said he, "I do not wish to expose her to disgrace, or by injudicious severity drive her to any act of im-

prudence; she knows my temper, and should submit." "You know her temper, and should soothe." "Matrimony has altered her sentiments." "And your conduct." "She is so aggravating!" "Who begun the quarrel?" "Why I don't know—she, to be sure." "Then it must be you that aggravated." "That is a paradox." "As a lover, you would have submitted first." "As a wife, she should submit first." "As a woman, I cannot agree with your opinion. But I have no time for argument, Mrs. Dorincourt is waiting for me." "Will she not take any breakfast?" "Her heart is too full." He turned from me, and walked to the window; after a moment's pause, he observed, that there were coaches on the stand. "I will send a servant for one immediately," said I, and quitted the room. On the staircase I met the footman, and gave him some instructions. When I returned to my apartment, I found Mrs. Dorincourt awake; "Rise, my dear," said I, "there is a coach waiting, and you will be late; you will have the goodness to let me order some breakfast." "Undoubtedly," she replied; "but I cannot eat any." "Perhaps you have changed your mind?" "Not I, indeed," said she, affecting an air of haughty indifference; "I am not such a weak creature as that." In a few minutes the footman entered the room; he pretended a little confusion, and begged to speak to me. After having listened apart to his request, I said aloud, "It is nothing to me." He then advanced to the chimney, over which hung a pair of pistols, which he took down and carried away; while Mrs. Dorincourt, ignorant of what was passing, looked another way. When he was gone, she inquired what William wanted. "Only the pistols, my dear," said I, carelessly. She started; "What could he want of them?" "How should I know?"—"Have you seen Dorincourt this morning?" "I have."—"How did he seem?"—"Calm, but melancholy: and now I think of it, there was a wildness in his looks that terrified me."—"Surely he does not meditate any mischief."—"I fear he does."—"My good friend, go to him." "Not I, indeed;

I make it an invariable rule never to interfere in these things."—"Good heaven! is this your friendship; can you be so unfeeling?" "I am not his wife," replied I, sarcastically. "What is to be done?" cried she, in extreme perturbation.—"Go to him yourself, he is in the parlour." "He would think I wanted to be reconciled."—"And you would sacrifice his life rather than your own false pride." "Oh! pray come with me, and you can explain." She hurried down to the parlour, and I willingly followed her. Mr. Dorincourt was sitting in a disconsolate posture; she hurried up to him as pale as death;—he looked astonished. "Henry, for God's sake, give me these dreadful weapons!"—"What weapons?" "It is no use to deny it, I know your purpose: I only implore you to give them to me;" and she actually sunk at his feet. "What does this mean?" said he, addressing me, who could hardly refrain from laughter. "It is plain enough," said I;—"you see how your wife hates you, her anxiety for your life is an evident proof of it." "Dear Ellinor, I fear your senses are disordered—this foolish quarrel: do not distress yourself, I will think no more of it: I know I was to blame." "Oh! no, no; it was all my fault; only give me the pistols, and I will make any atonement." It was now my turn; I related, in a ludicrous manner, the innocent stratagem I had used in sending William for the pistols, and laughed heartily at the ridiculous figure they both made, on being thus surprised into a reconciliation. Then added, seriously; "you must now be convinced of the folly of magnifying trifles into matters of importance: had you parted in anger, heaven knows what might have been the consequence. As it is, I feel a lively satisfaction, that by a little address I have been enabled to convince each of you of your error. Now, part as soon as you please."—It is needless to describe the scene of endearment that ensued, and I have reason to imagine, that on several subsequent occasions, when a hasty word might have promoted strife, recollection of the pistol scene, has wrought an instantaneous and happy effect.

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER.

(Continued from page 294, Vol. V.)

MY heart palpitated with such a variety of emotions, that when the servant opened the door of the carriage, my agitation became so violent, that I actually could not speak, and my knees trembled so excessively that I could scarcely support my tottering frame.

I followed the doctor into the hall, where he was met by Louisa; who, with angelic sweetness, said, "thank heaven! doctor Percival, my beloved father is relieved; for in less than an hour after the last medicine, he fell into, and still remains, in a composed sleep."

"Thank heaven!" I repeated in fervent accent; Louisa started at the well-known voice; for the broad shoulders of the doctor had overshadowed my person, yet I thought she received me with a mixture of displeasure and disdain. I briefly recounted my accidental meeting with the physician; and as briefly related the various causes by which my visit had been delayed, to all which, Miss Middleton listened with such a chilling air of indifference, that I could not help wishing myself a hundred miles from the place. Yet, as dejection was painted on her once animated features, and as melancholy might be said to have marked her for its own, I began to indulge the hope that those symptoms which I had construed into displeasure, were merely produced by apprehension for the author of her birth: requesting I would excuse her for a few moments, she intreated doctor P—— to accompany her into the adjoining room, where I could distinctly hear her implore that able physician to exert his skill; though her voice was rendered tremulous by the violence of her agitation.

Whilst reflecting upon the doubtful fate of the man on whom my future happiness in great measure depended, the

door opened, and Miss Eliza C——— entered the room, the chosen friend of my adored Louisa, whose name was mentioned in a former part of my tour, as the young lady to whom Butler felt an ardent attachment, though I alarmed myself by supposing Miss Middleton the object of his regard. A mixture of joy and sadness marked her features as she approached me; "your visit was unexpected," said she, "but truly kind. Oh, Mr. ———, how will my beloved Louisa support a stroke for which I know she is unprepared? or how shall we all bear to lose a being, so universally respected and admired?"

As the amiable and artless girl made this appeal to my feelings, she burst into a flood of tears; but hearing the door of the room open, in which the physician and her friend had been conversing, she hastily put her finger before her lips, and stooping down, pretended to be looking for something upon the stand of the piano-forte. Though the doctor, upon re-entering the library, informed us his patient still continued in a calm sleep, there was a gravity in his countenance which convinced me he did not think it a favourable symptom, and anxious to become acquainted with the real sentiments he entertained, I walked towards the window, admired the beauty of the garden, and in a tone of indifference, invited the doctor to stroll into it.

An expressive shake of the head was the only reply I received to the interesting inquiry, on which the happiness of the being I adored, so much depended: "but my dear sir," said I, "do you not consider the comfortable sleep your patient is now enjoying as a favourable omen?" "On the contrary," replied Doctor Percival; "for when sudden ease so rapidly succeeds acute torture, we have reason to apprehend mortification."

A summons from Miss Middleton put a stop to our conversation; the doctor obeyed it without delay. I intreated him to apprise the invalid of my arrival, and request permission for me to inquire after his health. I found it necessary to remain a short time in the garden, to conceal

those traces of sympathy and sorrow which the doctor's intelligence had produced; and on re-entering the library, perceived a stranger, who had just alighted from his horse.

"I am in time, sir, I hope?" said he, in a tone of eager inquiry, "it is a great pity a man so punctual as Mr. Middleton in all concerns of business, should have delayed the important one of making his will; but, upon my soul, it seems as if people fancy that we gentlemen of the robe, carry death in our pockets, ready to seize them the moment they have settled their worldly affairs."

The self-approving smile with which this witty remark was uttered, united to the unfeeling manner of the speaker, excited such a mixture of contempt and resentment in my bosom, that had I made any reply I should certainly have affronted him; and a summons from Mr. Middleton arriving at the same moment, I quitted the apartment without the civility due to a gentleman.

Upon entering the sick-room, what a scene presented itself! The apparently dying Mr. Middleton, was supported by pillows upright in his bed, whilst his amiable and lovely daughter was kneeling by the side of it, and pressing his hand to her palpitating breast. A transient smile of joy illumined his pallid countenanceas he stretched towards me the unpressed hand. "You are arrived at an unfortunate moment, but not the less welcome," said he, in a tender, yet tremulous accent. I respectfully took the proffered mark of welcome and cordiality, and, in spite of my endeavours to restrain my feelings, perceived a tear had dropped upon it; and never to be forgotten is the look he cast upon me, as with an indiscribable air of tenderness, he raised it to his lips.

Never had my manhood been put to such a trial: I, in vain, endeavoured to speak, but the words expired upon my tongue; and I was compelled to walk to the window to conceal my agitation from Miss Middleton. The pious resignation which was depictured in the sufferer's coun-

tenance, convinced me that he was perfectly aware of his situation. What a moment was this for the declaration of a passion which had long glowed with an ardour indiscribable!

By an expressive glance towards Doctor Percival, I attracted him to the spot where I stood; "Is there no hope?" I inquired in a whisper. The appalling reply was, "None." Summoning my fortitude, I again approached the bed of sickness, and expressed my satisfaction at perceiving him free from pain: "I came, my dear sir," I continued, "not only for the pleasure of seeing you, and your charming daughter, but to consult you upon a business of infinite moment."

"Time, my dear young friend, to me is very precious," replied Mr. Middleton; "and I momentarily expect a gentleman from B—— to arrive; but if my advice can be of any service to you, command it; for though our acquaintance has been short, you possess a large portion of my esteem." As this exalted man made this declaration, I caught a glimpse of the weeping Louisa's azure eyes, which, though downcast, were directed towards me with such a look of ineffable sweetness, that, had I followed the impulse of my empassioned feelings, I should have thrown myself at her feet.

"My beloved girl," said the affectionate father, "have you offered Dr. Percival any refreshment?" drawing her tenderly towards him as he made the inquiry, and impressing upon her alabaster forehead a paternal kiss. The angelic creature returned this mark of tenderness, whilst big drops of fear and affection fell from her expressive eyes; then turning to me, she begged me not to suffer her father to exhaust himself, by conversing too much.

"A monosyllable, my dear Miss Middleton," I replied, thrown off my guard by the intreaty; "is all the exertion I shall request your honoured father to make, for on that will depend my future happiness or misery; nay more, the very prolongation of my life." The blushing Louisa hastily quitted

the apartment, when, seating myself by the side of the invalid's bed, I endeavoured to find words to disclose the purity of that passion, which had so long taken possession of my heart. He listened to me with a complacency that seemed to authorise my sanguine wishes; and when I paused, informed me, that after my* sudden departure, my friend Butler had made him acquainted with the situation of my heart; adding, that my long absence and total silence had astonished him, and given him reason to suppose some new object had obtained my tenderness and regard.

"I am aware of my situation," continued the resigned sufferer: "aware that my adored Louisa's happiness must in a few hours be placed in other hands: and the blessing of a dying father be upon the head of him who sustains and cherishes her—whether it is you, or any other man!" The feelings of a parent so completely conquered the fortitude of manhood, that here the pious and resigned Christian burst into a flood of tears; and the variety of emotions which at that moment overwhelmed me, rendered me, for a short period, unable to speak. Recovering myself, I dropped on my knees before him, and raising my eyes towards the throne of grace, I clasped his burning hand between mine, and called upon the Almighty to witness the solemn vow which I then made. In the most sacred manner I implored the great Creator of the universe to heap blessings upon me, in proportion to the tenderness with which I cherished my beloved Louisa; and even went so far as to imprecate the divine displeasure, if ever I proved unworthy of her regard.

"Hear me!" exclaimed the amiable Mr. Middleton, in a more elevated tone than he had hitherto articulated; "You have vowed, my young friend, to support and cherish an object which may never be committed to your protection; for though I have reason to believe my Louisa's heart once

* See the Museum for February, page 74.

felt a preference towards you, it might merely be the effect of that studious attention you paid her, whilst under my roof; but your having absented yourself for so long a period, at a moment when you had empowered Butler to paint, in the most glowing colours, the full extent of your regard, I am well aware, has lessened you in her opinion, and may have produced a revolution in her sentiments.

"I have," continued the nearly exhausted sufferer, "taken infinite pains to become acquainted with the most minute circumstances of your life; and confess, that report speaks so favourably of your character, that, in committing my child to your protection, I should die in peace—but that beloved child must be the arbitress of her own destiny—in an engagement so sacred as that of marriage, a parent can only advise; particularly to a being so capable of judging as my Louisa, and one whom nature has endowed with such an intelligent turn of mind."

"Then am I to lose this precious prize merely from having fulfilled the duties of humanity, and endeavoured to secure a fortune, which would add to the comfort, and even procure your Louisa the elegancies of life? for heaven, who knows the human heart, knows that it was not for any selfish gratification that I was desirous of recovering the property bequeathed by my deceased aunt."

(To be continued.)

THE FAIR PRODIGAL.

A TALE.

JULIA was the only child of a wealthy merchant, who had amassed immense property in the East Indies: she was educated in the most expensive manner, and indulged by her doating father in every wish of her heart. It was that father's most anxious desire that she should, at a proper age, be united to his nephew, a young man of promising manners and disposition; and who was shortly

expected home from Lisbon, where he was transacting some commercial business on his father's account. The parent of Julia, however, did not live to see his wishes accomplished; but on his death-bed he made it known to her, and entreated, that unless she felt a serious preference for another she would reserve her hand for Henry. This Julia carelessly agreed to; the state in which she saw her father affected her deeply, and at that awful moment she could not bestow a thought on any thing else. Julia had, when at school, contracted an intimate friendship with a young lady named Marriot, whose person was as remarkably plain as that of Julia was captivating; but she was a sensible and agreeable companion, and having the misfortune to lose a mother she tenderly loved, and being left wholly unprovided for, Julia generously offered her an asylum with her, to which Miss Marriot sent the following affecting answer:

HARRIET TO JULIA.

"Why, my dear friend, do you attempt to remonstrate with me on my grief? Is not my loss irreparable? I do ample justice to your generosity, and would have you think better of me than to suppose that I merely regret the deprivation of temporal advantage. I am young, and have received an education which will enable me to struggle through the world, let it deal ever so hardly with me. Think you then I can endure the thought of sitting idly down, and remain indebted to your friendship for what health and active exertion will enable me to procure for myself? I will do this chearfully; but can I cease to mourn for one of the best of parents and of women? Oh, no!—The fond mother, who nurtured us at her breast, who led our infant steps through the paths of instruction, who soothed with tenderness the hours of pain and sickness, who preserved us from the dangers to which childish imbecility continually exposed us, who expanded our uninformed minds, and improved the first dawn of reason, who

cherished our confidence, corrected our errors, and at last, in the awful moment, when age, affliction, or indigence sinks upon us for support and comfort, claims—oh, what does she not claim from a grateful heart! Are these human who repay with cold neglect services so important, kindness so unremitting? Surely not. Innumerable are the obligations, and the gratitude should be unbounded.—Let me then entreat you no more to say, "dry your tears, Harriet!" believe me thankful for your kindness, and willing for a short time to accept the assistance you offer; but remember, it must only be till renovated spirits enable me to seek the means of supporting myself.

"Your affectionate and obliged friend,

"H. MARRIOT."

Julia was much pleased with having prevailed on her friend to reside with her, being in want of a female companion, and Harriet, fearful of reviving Julia's affliction for the loss of her father, endeavoured to conceal her own. But the mind of Julia was not formed for reflection—left in possession of an ample fortune, generosity in her became prodigality. She entered into every scene of dissipation with avidity, and the admonitions of her more prudent friend were too soon disregarded. It was at this period that Henry returned from Portugal; he hastened to pay his respects to his intended bride, and found her even surpassing the description that had been given of her. Julia received him kindly, but without feeling any particular interest in his favour: indeed she did him the injustice to imagine that her fortune was an object with him, and she was too much accustomed to the admiration of men of superior endowments to think much of one who had little beside a comely person and pleasing manners, to boast; to the real goodness of his heart she was yet a stranger. Determined not to surrender her liberty hastily, she gave Henry to understand, that she could not think of fulfilling the engagement which her father had made for

her, till she was five and twenty; during which interval he would, perhaps, have occasion to thank her for her delay.

Henry, rather mortified by this sort of refusal, the motive of which he easily penetrated, resolved, if possible, to think no more of her, and, with this resolution, he again returned to Lisbon. Freed from the restraint which his presence in some measure imposed on her, she once more launched into every fashionable folly; among which gaming was the most alluring, and the most destructive. A worthy old man, who had been her father's confidential servant, and was still retained by her in the capacity of steward, saw her misconduct with the deepest regret. He had been attached to Henry from his infancy, and determined, if it was in his power, to save him from the misfortune of marrying a woman who, with all her accomplishments and good qualities, was so thoughtless and extravagant; he accordingly gave him a faithful account of every transaction during his absence.

One morning Julia sent for Morris, her steward, and informed him that she had been threatened with an arrest by one of her creditors, "You must, therefore," said she, "raise me two hundred pounds before to-morrow at this time, or I shall be disgraced for ever."—"You command an impossibility, madam," said Morris; "the cottage rents have not been paid this half year, our remittances are not arrived, and I have not above ten guineas to command." Julia was thunder struck. "Is it possible," she exclaimed, "that I have reduced myself to this! Mercy on me, what is to be done?"—"Sell your jewels, madam."—"Nonsense, I shall want them at a ball to-morrow night: somehow or other you must get the money." Morris bowed and withdrew. The next day he entered with a canvas bag, from which he took two hundred pounds, and laid the notes on the table before her. Her eyes sparkled with pleasure: "My good Morris, how fortunate! where did you get this lucky supply?" He looked stedfastly at her, "I gleaned it,

madam, from the ruins of three poor families."—"What do you mean?"—"I will tell you, madam. Bad weather, scanty crops, and a sick wife, had prevented farmer Smith from paying his rent; Thompson, the bricklayer, broke his leg last winter, and has ever since been unable to work; the widow Browne has been obliged to part with all the money she had saved, to ransom her only son from a kidnapping party: the arrears of these three amounted to the sum you required, so I was obliged to distrain for the money; and here it is."—And what is become of them?"—"Gone to prison, madam; else you could not have the means of going to the ball to-night." Julia was shocked; she sunk into a chair, pale as death. "Am I such a wretch?" said she, sighing. "Alas! madam," replied Morris, "this is a common thing; the great seldom consider how many poor wretches are sometimes driven from house and home to procure them luxuries."—"No!" exclaimed Julia, indignantly; "I will never be one of these; take back the money, and release the poor wretches. I have erred through indiscretion, not through vice; I will sell every valuable I possess, rather than be guilty of such baseness."

"God bless you, madam!" exclaimed Morris, "I thought your heart was right; how dear Mr. Henry will rejoice to hear this."—"What! is he acquainted with my folly?" asked Julia, colouring; "is this your fidelity. Go, sir, quit my service; you have presumed on my favour: I will seek a more trusty steward."—"Excuse me, madam," replied Morris, "but you will soon have no occasion for any. I would have spared this shock to your feelings; but if you will be pleased to inspect some papers, which I have just received from abroad, you will find that you are ruined." Julia, who had never paid any attention to her affairs, was now almost overcome with shame and agony; she covered her face with her hands, and wept in silence. At that moment Harriet entered the room, and, alarmed at the situation of her friend, inquired the cause; when it was explained, she went to her, and taking her hand, said—

"My dear friend, why are you so overcome with this misfortune? it is not irretrievable; let me advise you to pursue for a time a plan of economical retirement, and you will soon recover this temporary embarrassment. Cast your eyes around you, view the hard lot of many worthy individuals, and murmur, if you dare. I will share your retirement with you, because I flatter myself my society will alleviate your uneasiness: we will lay down a little prudent plan for ourselves, and, depend upon it, you will find more real enjoyment in simple pleasures than ever you have done in this dissipated town." Julia was too much humbled and mortified to act for herself. Harriet and Morris therefore arranged every thing as they pleased; and Harriet undertook to inform Henry of what had passed, at the same time releasing him from his engagement to Julia, by her own particular desire.

In the course of a few weeks every thing was in readiness for their journey to Wales; a place recommended by Morris, as the most cheap and pleasant in England. There, on a little estate of her own, which Morris undertook to farm, Julia resided several months, and became gradually reconciled to the change. At length a letter arrived from Lisbon; it was written by Henry, and addressed to Julia. He assured her, in the tenderest manner, of his regard, and satisfaction at the change which had lately taken place in her habits and pursuits; expressing, at the same time, a most generous pleasure, that diligence and success in trade at length enabled him to return to England with a competence, which would afford him the delight of restoring her to society, to her friends, and to that rank in life which he imagined she must still sigh for.

To this she returned the following answer:—

"SIR,

"Gratified as I feel by the liberality of your sentiments, I cannot avail myself of your generous offer; I have deservedly forfeited the respect of the world, your regard, and

my own self-approbation. Retirement is now my choice; from an excellent friend I have learnt that true happiness consists in the use, and not the abuse, of the goods of fortune; and, without ostentation, I declare that I find real pleasure consists in benevolence and moderation. If these sentiments, which are sincere, please you, and you are not attached to the bustle of the busy world, come and enliven us with your society. I respect your worth, and do not hesitate to say, that, in compliance with the wish of my lamented father, and the dictates of my own heart, you may yet command the hand of, "JULIA."

Henry, delighted with this letter, hastened home, and claimed her promise; when Morris, to their infinite surprise, declared that, availing himself of his mistress's indiscretion and inexperience, he had deceived her with a false account, in hopes of effecting a reform in her conduct, which he was happy enough to accomplish; and that her affairs were still in as prosperous a state as she could wish. Julia, however, had been too seriously alarmed to relapse into her former follies, and now lives a striking example of female worth. E. F.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

[From Mr. Harriot's "Struggles through Life."]

A SAILOR, who had been many years absent from his mother, who lived in an inland county, returned to his native village, after a variety of voyages to different parts of the globe, and was heartily welcomed by the good old woman, who had long considered him as lost. Soon after his arrival, the old lady became inquisitive, and desirous to learn what *strange things* her son John had seen among the mighty deep. Amongst a variety of things that Jack recollected, he mentioned his having frequently seen flying fish. "Stop, Johnny," says his mother, "don't try to impose such impossibilities on me, child; for, in good truth,

I could as soon believe you had seen flying cows; for cows, you know, John, can live out of water. Therefore tell me honestly, what you have seen in reality, but no more falsehoods, Johnny." Jack felt himself affronted; and twirling his quid about, when pressed for more curious information, said, prefacing it with an oath, "Mayhap, mother, you wont believe me, when I tell you, that, casting our anchor in the Red Sea, it was with difficulty we hove it up again, which was occasioned, you see, mother, by a large wheel hanging on one of the flukes of the anchor. It appeared a strange old Grecian to look at, so we hoisted it in; and our captain, d'ye see, being a scholar, overhauled him, and discovered it was one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels, when he was capsized in the Red Sea." This suited the meridian of the old lady's understanding. "Aye, aye, Johnny," cried she, "I can believe this, for we read of it in the bible; but never talk to me of flying-fish."

G. B. S.

ESSAY ON THE NEW YEAR.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew!

Addison.

THIS pious and proper intention of the sublime writer of the beautiful hymn from which the preceding lines have been extracted, cannot be impressed upon the human mind at a more striking period than at the *commencement* of a *New Year.* We have recently been celebrating an epoch, which teems with blessings, and presents a perspective, abounding with inconceivable delights! Can we, then, seriously reflect upon the advantages which have been procured us, by the birth of that immaculate Being, who, at

this time, made his appearance upon *earth*, without finding our hearts glow with a mixture of *veneration*, *gratitude*, and *love*? Or can we suffer a thousand years (which in the eyes of omnipotence are as nothing) to obliterate the memorial of such abundant kindness from our mind?

No, it is impossible; for dead must be that heart to every sensation of gratitude, which does not *feel*, nay, *forcibly feel*, the blessings it derives from the Saviour of *mankind's birth!* To *rejoice* at such an event is therefore natural; but, unfortunately, our joy is seldom kept within its proper bounds; and whilst assembling for the purpose of celebrating the birth of a Redeemer, we are apt to forget the purpose for which he came into the world.

At the commencement of the *New Year*, we ought likewise to take a retrospect of the *past one*, and discover how many duties we have neglected, or performed imperfectly; how many actions we have committed which demand repentance; and how many frailties we are prone to, which call forth a deploring sigh? Were we to adopt this mode of conduct, the *New Year* might be considered as the happiest epocha of our lives; for, instead of thoughtlessly persevering in an erroneous mode of conduct, there would, at least, be a check to irregularities for a certain period of time.

Few individuals can take a survey of the events which have occurred within the period of *twelvemonths*, without observing the wonderful vicissitude of situation which come within the focus of their own inspection. The wheel of fortune moves round with celerity; but what transitions occur within the space of the varying months! the being, elevated upon the pinnacle of prosperity is hurled into the abyss of poverty; and the man born to the humblest station towers upon the eagle's wings.

As such are the vicissitudes attached to our existence, and such are the changes which frequently occur; the reflecting man will naturally ask the question, "On *what* can I rest with *a secure hope*? where place my happiness, with-

out the fear of disappointment; or where find compensation for those enjoyments I may lose?" The reply to this inquiry will be at once consoling and satisfactory; for it will be "on the *promises* of *Him* whose lips never uttered an *untruth;* who has assured us, that an unspeakable portion of happiness is reserved for the righteous in a future and more durable world."

Yet, let it not be supposed, that whilst we are taking a retrospect of past *notions*, or *circumstances*, cheerfulness and conviviality are to be excluded from our minds, or that we are to bewail past errors in dust and ashes, and renounce the social enjoyments of life. Far different were the doctrines of the great teacher of christianity, whose first miraculous proof of divinity occurred at a *marriage feast;* and who has expressly forbidden that outward garb of sanctity, which too many are apt to fancy a necessary attendant on a pious life. "When ye pray," said the Saviour of mankind to his disciples, "do not as the hypocrites do; but put on a cheerful countenance; for the Almighty is only pleased with the devout effusions of the heart." To that import, at least, was the advice given by the divine establisher of *religious* and *moral* duties; and it is surely sufficient to convince us that genuine piety does not consist in outward forms, or that religion is an enemy to cheerfulness, and requires us to renounce all the pleasures of the world. It is not the *use*, but the *abuse*, of enjoyments, which is forbidden; and, at no period of the year, can the devout christian have greater reason to rejoice, than at the one in which we celebrate the birth of a Redeemer, who voluntarily resigned existence to insure us eternal happiness.

It may, perhaps, be deemed an illiberal mode of thinking, yet it certainly is founded upon the observations which I have made, during the period of a long life; but, whenever I see the brow of either sex overshadowed with gloominess, when cheerfulness and good-humour prevails in society, I am led to think the heart, which cannot beat

responsive to the voice of pleasure, seldom glows with *unaffected piety.*

Aspacia is held up as a model of perfection, and she is externally adorned with many attractive charms; fortune has been no less bountiful than nature, but she wants that greatest of female attractions, a generous and feeling heart. Yet Aspacia regularly attends to the duties of religion, constantly frequents her church on the sabbath day, and if in society a tale of sorrow is related, the handkerchief, as if spontaneously, ascends to her eye. But Aspacia considers *dancing* as an immoral amusement; it gives rise, she observes, to too great familiarity of action between the sexes; and, if any of her acquaintance should incautiously avow a delight in blindman's buff, or hunt the slipper, their names would for ever be inserted in the *black list.*

Yet Aspacia has imprudently fallen in love with a clerk of her father's, a young man destitute of every recommendation but a fine person; with whom, after the family are retired to rest, she does not scruple to associate until two, three, or four o'clock in the morning. Humanity is a stranger to the bosom of Aspacia; whose parents were not born in an elevated station, but fortune having smiled upon unabating industry, they are now considered worth fifty thousand pounds. The same degree of success did not attend the brother of Aspacia's father, who, in fact, felt all the biting stings of indigent poverty; and who having unsuccessfully applied to the father of this reputed *phœnix*, at length resolved to implore the intercession of their niece. The soliciting epistle was delivered at a moment when it was imagined the tide of humanity would flow unrestrained; for Aspacia was returning home from a charity sermon, and a place where the duties of benevolence had been enforced and explained. With an unmoistened eye she perused the epistle, folded it up carefully, and returned it to the bearer, saying, " Tell the person who wrote this letter that I never presume to advise my parents." Then

walked away with an air of as much satisfaction as if she had been conscious of having performed a praise-worthy deed.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

(Concluded from Vol. V. page 244.)

MRS. COLVILLE TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD COLVILLE.

THE pleasing prospect held out in my Edward's letter, prevented me from replying to it with that eagerness my affection towards him would otherwise have induced me to adopt; but, alas! I have just had an interview with Admiral Montague, and find there is no probability of the Europa's speedy return.

Oh, my son! how deeply do I lament ever having consented to your embracing a profession which exposes your precious life to so many dangers! and how do I wish it had been possible for me to have had a foreknowledge of those gifts which fortune had for you in store! I am no Spartan in heart, I confess, my dearest Edward; and when I peruse the account of mothers, who gloried in the idea of their son's expiring in the cause of their country, I turn from the theme with disgust and horror, and view them as a set of beings over whom nature had relinquished every tender claim.

Yet, I acknowledge, a blush would overspread my cheek was I to hear the name of Colville tarnished by the report of pusillanimous cowardice, or a single action that could degrade the race from whence my Edward sprung; yet, you must allow, that change of circumstances demand change of conduct; and a just and wise legislator may as effectually evince his zeal for the welfare of his country, as the bravest admiral, or the most consummate general, that ever commanded our fleets and armies.

"Let others on the sea their arms employ,
"But stay, my Edward, here—and guard thy Troy."

There was a period, my dear son, in the annals of ancient or modern history, that afforded a wider scope for superior talents to display themselves than the present; but as I fear all I can say upon the subject will avail little, I will endeavour to drop it, and rely upon the sustaining hand of Omnipotence to preserve your precious life.

My servants, or rather yours, intreat me to offer their unbounded thanks, for the generous propasal I made them in your name, which they with one voice declined, declaring their resolution of remaining in their present situation until your return, unless compelled to quit it by a positive command. Of what a secret satisfaction do those tyrannical masters and mistresses deprive themselves, who treat their domestics with that imperious haughtiness, which at once saps the foundation of fidelity, and turns into a stagnant pool the flowing current of esteem and regard! and I consider the kind and gentle manner with which your deceased uncle treated his servants, as one of the most convincing proofs of the natural goodness of his heart.

The letter which I intend inclosing, from my beloved Louisa, will convince you how little gratification she is likely to experience from the gaieties of the metropolis; and nothing would have induced me to expose her to scenes so uncongenial to the purity of her ideas, but the conviction that her manners actually wanted polish; or, in other words, that it was necessary for her to mix in more extensive circles, for the purpose of throwing off that native timidity, which, if encouraged, might have amounted to aukward bashfulness.

And now, my dear son, I must, with a degree of reluctance, enter upon the only subject where our opinions do not accord; yet, as a skilful surgeon must probe the wound before he attempts to close it, maternal duty compels me

Mrs C. Kemble.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT

to perform that painful task. You tell me, the acquisition of rank and fortune only affords you pleasure from enabling you to fulfil the first wish of your heart; or, in other words, as they will break down the barriers I raised against your union with Eliza.

You have studied the heart of your mother, my Edward, and probably in it may have discovered many faults; but I may venture to affim, that the most scrutinizing observer never found the least trace of sordid selfishness in it. It is true, I represented the want of fortune as an obstacle to your attempting to gain Eliza's affections; but would to heaven that had been my only objection! for even that, in your former situation, would have been easily overlooked.

You well know my abhorrence to every species of censure, and likewise know, that when I have not the power of speaking favourably of any character, I observe a total silence; but I can no longer suffer this delicacy of sentiment to prevent me from endeavouring to open the eyes of my son. Not chusing to detract from the imaginary virtues of Eliza, I considered, that by pointing out the imprudence of such an alliance, I might prove its prevention; but I feel myself now called upon to assign more cogent reasons for my objection to it; and avow her to be an unamiable little flirt. Pride and levity are the predominant features of her character, and to gratify these she would sacrifice her reputation: nay, even on the very day of your departure, when she appeared overwhelmed with affliction, the same chaise which carried you the first stage of your journey, she engaged on its return, to convey her to a neighbouring ball.

Is not this enough to convince you of the flippancy, and, I may add, unfeelingness of her character? But if not, I will give you a still stronger proof; and tell you that, at that memorable moment, when she was doubtless charming your ear by vows of eternal constancy, Sir Charles Grenville was concealed in a private room; and when you reluctantly tore yourself from the artful syren, that dissipated young man supplied your loss. With him she danced at

the assembly, and with him, unsanctioned by the presence of another female, she returned home at five in the morning.

These, my dear Edward, are only two traits in the being whom you wish me to call by the tender appellation of daughter; but I actually could fill volumes, was I to take the trouble of describing her various acts of imprudence. That Sir Charles accompanied her to the assembly, I witnessed; for the chaise actually passed my door, and, as it drove by, with an effrontery unparalleled, she kissed her hand to your sister and myself.

Previous to the death of your uncle, Sir Charles Grenville might actually be said to have lived in the house; but since the acquisition of fortune which has fallen to us, he has scarcely passed a week in the neighbourhood. I am told, that Mrs. D——, upon being made acquainted with the alteration in our circumstances, informed the baronet he must either relinquish the pleasure of Eliza's society, or make an irrevocable claim upon it; but that dissipated young man, never having had the most distant idea of marriage, replied, "He readily resigned all pretensions to the young lady's hand; not doubting Lord Colville would put in a prior claim."

And now, my dear Edward, let me ask, if, after this simple statement of matter of fact circumstances, you can entertain a serious thought of elevating Eliza to a station in which the slightest act of imprudence would render doubly conspicuous? or, could you place any confidence in the professions of regard she might make you, after such positive conviction of indifference and imprudence? That she flattered herself with the hope that her personal charms would secure the heart of the gay young baronet, is probable; but how devoid of propriety, nay, how destitute of prudence, was her conduct on the day of your departure; not even to mention the insult it was, to an affection pure and ardent, as that which glowed in your manly breast! But I will not suffer myself to suppose it

possible for my Edward to cherish an affection for a young woman who has lost every claim upon his esteem; or believe that he would degrade himself and family by connecting with it a being, by the sacred band of marriage, whose character was not without a stain.

Virtue, my son, is to our sex what true honour is to yours; and that woman, who does not preserve it unsuspected, deserves to meet with contempt and scorn. The interest, the happiness, and the honour, of married persons, are blended together by such an indissoluble tie, that, though there doubtless is a degree of injustice in the opinion, the husband generally becomes a sharer in the wife's disgrace; and, if he is not branded with the epithet of a *Patient Cuckold*, he seldom fails of being accused either of tyranny, or indifference. There are instances, I allow, yet these are not common ones, of females, whose conduct, previous to marriage, might have set the tongue of censure at defiance, but who afterwards indulged themselves in those unpardonable levities, which terminated in the total destruction of domestic peace. The husbands of such women can never be objects either of ridicule or censure; for their situation calls forth the commiseration of every feeling mind. But if a man unites his destiny to that of a coquet, or a young woman who has in the slightest instance deviated from the strict path of propriety, if his honour becomes tarnished, it is nothing more than what he had a right to expect; and the world, instead of sympathizing in his misfortune, treats it with ridicule and contempt.

But enough, my dear Edward, of this unpleasing subject, and every other for the present; for the house clock striking twelve, reminds me that it is time to retire to rest. May peaceful slumbers be your portion, and guardian angels watch round your bed, is the ardent prayer of,

Your fondly attached mother,

COLVILLE.

MRS. COLVILLE TO MISS COLVILLE,

At the Rev. Doctor Douglass's, Dean of ———.

The retired habits of life to which you have been accustomed, my beloved Louisa, must, of course, render the manners of those who bow to that idol termed Fashion, disagreeable, if not absolutely disgusting; yet you must not attempt to form your opinion of fashionable society in general, from the specimen you saw of it at the Hon. Mrs. D——'s, for that would not only prove an error of judgment, but an illiberal mode of deciding.

It has been remarked, and with great propriety, that a stranger introduced into a family, with whose private history he was unacquainted, might generally form a just conception of those who presided at the head of it, by the manners and appearance of the domestics; and the same remark holds good with regard to society, for we may certainly acquire a knowledge of the disposition of our acquaintance by knowing that of their intimate friends.

Birds of a feather
Will flock together;

is a trite, and, in this instance, an appropriate maxim; and the party assembled at the house of the amiable Mrs. Douglass's fashionable relation, is exactly of the description I should have expected. When I took my leave of what is called the gay world, the Hon. Mrs. Douglass was just entering into it, and, from the levity of manners in which (even as a girl) she allowed herself too great a licence, I foretold the dissipated life she would lead, and admired and followed as she was at that period, I should not have been surprised at hearing she had openly defied the censure of the world. I am delighted at finding my Louisa's manners were such as did not attract the attention of that volatile woman; for had they done so, you would have found it difficult to avoid her pressing invitations;

but with such a friend as Mrs. Douglass to protect you, I scarcely need caution you against being seen with her in public.

Yet, as a young woman, upon her entrance into life, cannot be too cautious, and as I know Mrs. D—— to be the perfect child of caprice, it is not improbable that she may hereafter be inclined to offer you a variety of civilities: it is painful, I allow, to return the apparent warmth of friendship with the freezing cold of indifference, or the repelling chillness of reserve; but such a mode of conduct will be indispensably necessary with every character of Mrs. D—'s cast. You tell me that Mrs. Douglass only pays an annual visit, and this in compliance with her husband's wishes; but, my dear Louisa, so well do I know, that if novelty should give additional charms to your person, and you should happen to receive the attention of the other sex, she will court your acquaintance by the most sedulous attentions, for the purpose of attracting to her parties the most fashionable young men. Your friend, Emily Herbert, who you know passed last summer at Cheltenham with her aunt, the Dowager Lady Horton, dined with me yesterday, and gave me several anecdotes, which justify these remarks. Though Emily possesses a greater portion of personal attractions than usually falls to the share of an individual, they were not of the kind which appeared to please Mrs. D——; but when she observed that swarms of the beaux followed her footsteps, and that not to admire her would have been considered as a want of taste, the votary of fashion suddenly altered her mode of conduct, and offered the ungrateful Emily the most decided marks of friendship and esteem. I call that amiable girl ungrateful, ironically; and from knowing that she despised the woman, who was weak enough to pay the tribute of homage to personal attractions, without endeavouring to discover whether she possessed a single mental qualification. But the truth is, Mrs. D——'s charms have long been declining; and those empheras of fashion, who buzzed around

her whilst they were in their zenith, have either discovered the ravages which time makes upon the loveliest set of features, or have been disgusted with the insipidity of her conversation; and, mortified at this change, she makes a point of professing attachment to every new face that is likely to attract a number of fashionable young men to her house.

You will, I fear, my dear girl, think your mother is going to adopt a new character, or rather to revive one, which was held in repute amongst the Romans*; but believe me, my love, I feel no pleasure in detraction; and should not have made a remark that might appear illiberal, but from the fear that the lady alluded to might pay you the same attentions she did your amiable young friend.

Impatiently shall I long for a second letter from you, in which I intreat you to open every thought of your heart; and remember, my beloved Louisa, that in your mother you will ever find the most indulgent and the kindest of friends. I was pleased with the description of your new acquaintance, Lady Charlotte Clements; yet, let me caution you, my dearest girl, against forming any hasty friendships. In fact, if the growth of that which assuages our cares, is not slow and progressive, it will never arrive at maturity or strength. Those sudden attachments, which are merely formed upon a pleasing exterior, and which are imprudently dignified with the appellation of friendship, are merely capricious partialities, unable to withstand the slightest test. How frequently have I known these pretended friendships destroyed by the simple circumstance of superiority of dress; if vanity did not receive an irrecoverable blow by personal decorations, the pomegranate† bud

* *Censor*, an office held high in respect by the Romans; a person endowed with authority to correct any impropriety of conduct.

† A plant sacred to friendship: a wreath of the flowers adorns the goddess's head.

was for ever blasted by any pointed attention from the opposite sex.

Yet do not suppose I mean to infer that Lady Charlotte Clements is one of those versatile, frivolous characters: her conduct to you, and the warmth of sisterly affection which she testified, convinces me she is of a different turn; but it is necessary to know well the disposition of a person before you form a strong attachment to any individual, however pleasing their manners, or however well principled their heart.

I rejoice at hearing your mornings are devoted to improvement; how great will be the reward you will reap from this temporary deprivation of what is termed pleasure! and in accomplishments, as well as virtues, endeavour to obtain the zenith; for mere mediocrity may easily be acquired. Nature has gifted you with a sweet voice, but it is in your power materially to improve it; and there is a secret satisfaction in knowing, that by so doing you will have the power of gratifying your friends; in short, the Great Bestower of all talents never intended them to be wrapped up in a napkin, but that they should contribute to our own happiness, and the benefit of society.

Though the letter which I shall inclose, from my noble boy Edward, may give you reason to indulge the hope of soon embracing him, yet Admiral Montague informs me, there is little probability of it; and to this mortifying disappointment I must patiently submit, trusting that Being, who is a father to the fatherless, will preserve his precious life.

Adieu, my beloved Louisa! may heaven pour its choicest blessings on your head, is the ardent prayer of,

Your attached mother,

COLVILLE.

(To be continued.)

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. XII.

Bertrand; or, Memoirs of a Northumbrian Nobleman.

THIS work contains an unusual degree of interest, and is very different in its construction from the general run of novels, as there is not a single love adventure throughout the whole; yet the author has ingeniously contrived to awaken attention, and keep his reader in suspense to the last page. The fate of Bertrand is rather of a sombre cast, and some of his adventures border rather too much on the marvellous: we can, nevertheless, venture to recommend it as an amusing and unexceptionable novel, and one with which every reader of taste and sensibility must he highly gratified.

Observations on Seduction and Prostitution. By Mary Smith, a Penitent, late of the Magdalen Hospital. Published by E. Wilson, 51, Paternoster Row. Price 2s. 6d.

OUR respect for this laudable institution, and the motive alledged by the writer for the publication of this little book, induces us to notice it in our publication. This unfortunate female, after having experienced all the miseries attendant on the wretched state to which she was reduced by the perfidy of man, and her own indiscretion, was restored to a proper sense of her misconduct, and sincere penitence, by the humane assistance she received within the walls of the Magdalen. Being lately discharged, and desirous of returning to the paths of virtue, she has published a little work, which contains some very just reflections and useful admonitions; by the sale of which she hopes to raise a small sum, sufficient to establish her in some reputable way of obtaining a maintenance. That she may succeed, and persevere in her laudable intention, must be the wish of every

feeling heart; and, we doubt not, but there are a number of benevolent beings of her own sex, who will hold out a helping hand to her in this undertaking. On one subject alluded to in her publication, we are anxious to add a few observations:—this is on the blameable practice of shopkeepers in general, who employ so many young men in occupations which are a disgrace to manhood, and which so unjustifiably excludes that sex, who are already too limited in means of procuring a decent maintenance. Was this country subjected to arbitrary government, we trust this detestable custom would be abolished; as it is, we have deeply to lament that it is rapidly gaining ground, notwithstanding the judicious tax which has lately been placed on those effeminate things called *shopmen*. It is with pleasure, however, we notice, that some persons of sense and feeling in the fashionable world have not only endeavoured to discountenance such an abuse, but have exerted themselves to introduce again every article of taste and industry, which not only adorns the person of the wearer, but must afford them the pleasing reflection of contributing to the welfare and support of a numerous class of females, who might otherwise remain unemployed, and consequently subjected to all the evils attendant on indigence and inactivity.

The Itinerant; or, Memoirs of an Actor. By S. W. Ryley. Taylor and Hessey, Fleet Street.

In this amusing work much interest is blended with plain matter of fact. The diversified events of the hero's life are related in an animated, yet natural style; and the sensibility of the reader excited frequently by the most simple and unaffected details of real occurrences: many authentic anecdotes are related, which enliven the recital, and, by an ingenious episode, in which the author has contrived to blend mystery with truth, without overstraining

probability, or attaching importance to the chimera of a disordered imagination, the reader will find much amusement.

EXTRACT.—VOL. I. CHAP. IV.

"It will be remembered, that an inclination for theatricals was one of my early and predominant propensities. At this time an itinerant company of comedians pitched their tent in the village, laid siege to a barn, and in a few days rendered it (as per bill) fit for the reception of the *nobility* and *gentry* of Saddleworth. This was a glorious incident—now or never, to exhibit my wonderful talents, to astonish, to electrify the object of my choice with my superior attainments.

"Aye, aye! the play's the thing in which I'll catch the affections of Miss K——; at any rate, I can surprise the nobility and gentry of Saddleworth." Full of this idea, I waited on the manager. From the style in which Mr. A——, the Chester manager lived, (the only one I had the most remote knowledge of) I expected at least to be shewn into a decent drawing-room. Judge, then, my surprise, when, entering a huckster's shop, I was directed up three-pair of stairs, or rather two—for the last was a ladder—into a garret, furnished in the following manner:—In one corner stood an unmade bed, without curtains; two chairs, without backs; one armed chair, over which was thrown a gauze petticoat, ornamented with gilt leather, worn on the preceding night by the lady manageress, in Queen Catherine; and who was now condescending to act the washerwoman. In a remote corner of the room, and near the window, stood the great man himself—not in buff, though nearly so—without coat or waistcoat. He wore a garment that once bore the name of shirt, and still gav[e] that idea, from the dirty ruffles which hung over his sti[ff] more dirty hands; black velvet small clothes, somewh[at] rusty; no stockings, but old red Morocco slippers, bou[nd] with tarnished gold. The printing press stood by him, [at] which he plied with such skill and industry, that I thou[ght]

it almost a pity to interrupt him. As neither the manager nor his lady had perceived my entrance, I stood for some moments contemplating this strange scene. If this be the master's employment, thought I, what must the servants be doing? I now accosted him; and, after apologizing for his dishabille, he entered into conversation, with a degree of wit and spirit, that neither his appearance nor his circumstances seemed to warrant. "You see, sir, though an *actor*, I am a *holy* man, (pointing to his shirt). Permit me to pun on my own poverty. We players are a set of merry undone dogs; and though we often want the means of *life*, we are seldom without the means of *mirth*. We are philosophers, sir, and laugh at misfortune; even the ridiculous situations we are sometimes placed in, are more generally the cause of mirth than of misery! Here you see Alexander turned pressman, and Statira up to the elbows in suds." With these lively sallies he continued to amuse me for some time, still attending to his press, and taking off bills with as much alacrity as if brought up to the business.

"Having introduced the subject I came upon, enlarged upon my abilities, and stated the great attraction my acting would have—"And so, sir, you mean to shine forth like a blazing star; and we poor actors shall appear as your satellites," still pulling at the press. "And pray, sir, in what part do you mean to make your debut?"—"Jachimo, in Cymbeline."—"Ha! ha! that brings to my mind Bill Watson, the Cheltenham manager; he was once applied to by a silly lad, who, like you, had been bit by some mad actor, and was strangely affected by the spouting mania, to let him play a part.—'What part,' says Watson, 'would you wish to play?'—'Jack Chimo, in Cymbeline, sir.'—'Hum!' says Watson, flirting his finger; a way he had when he wished to be comical; 'My dear fellow, I wish to indulge you, if possible, but that part is in possession of a very favourite actor, who will not willingly give it up; however, you may, if you please, play *Bill Chimo*, his brother, in the same piece.—Ha! ha! ha!" I joined in the

laugh, though I did not altogether relish his placing me upon a level with the silly spouter. "Sir, your request shall be complied with; the play is up, my wife is a very capital Imogen; I do Posthumous, and my two sons, who are now delivering out the bills, play Belarius and the King; so you see all the principal parts are ready, except Cloten, which is a *double*, you know, sir, with Imogene."—"Excuse me, sir, if I confess my ignorance of your theatrical terms: what do you mean by a double?"—"Why, sir, when the company is thin, and one actor is obliged to do two parts, we call that a *double*; so, as I was saying, my wife doubles Cloten with Imogen." Seeing me smile, he added, "She is, I assure you, a very fine breeches figure. And now, sir, how would you wish to be announced?"—The part of *Jachimo*, in large letters, by a *young gentleman*, being his first appearance on *any stage*; will that do, sir?"—"Perfectly." Preliminaries being thus settled, I took my leave of this merry son of Thespis and his wife.

"On my way home, I reflected on the eccentricity of the scene I had just witnessed, and knew not how to assimilate such opposite characters, as the printer and player, the tragedy queen and the washerwoman. Oh what a falling off was here, to what I looked for, in the life of a player! I was led to suppose that applause and profit went hand in hand; that those who were so much caressed in the evening, if they did not fare sumptuously the next day, at least enjoyed the necessary comforts of it. My ambition for a truncheon began to cool; however, I determined to keep my word with the manager."

The hero then proceeds with a minute and humorous description of his theatrical career, and subsequent embarrassments; of his marriage with an amiable girl, and the chearing attentions he experienced in adversity from his little wife; which gives occasion for the following interesting remark—

"The retrospect of the past was painful, and there was no prospect in future, but poverty and wretchedness; al-

most heart broken, "even to play the woman with mine eyes," I found a cheering comforter in my Ann; she flattered, cherished, and prophesied good fortune; nay, if a situation could be found, would endeavour to do something herself towards a maintenance on the stage, where assiduity should supply the place of talent. Oh happy state! Avaunt ye scoffers! This blessed bond of union between the sexes brings with it a solace for sorrow—exalts the mind, and leaves no sting behind; whilst the fair hand of affection wipes away the tear of sensibility, it even transforms adversity into transport, by a heavenly mingle of congenial souls."

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

NO. VI.

FOR INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES.

TAKE the white of an egg, into which put some powdered camphor and white sugar, beat it up till it froths, and make it into a poultice; spread it upon a fine linen rag, and apply it at night.

FOR THE SAME.

Steep the crumb of an English roll in fresh spring water, inclose it between two rags, and bind it across the eyes at bed-time. The application of this repeatedly, for about a week, will effectually remove the inflammation.

TO PREVENT CHILBLAINS.

When the parts affected begin to itch, rub them with a few drops of volatile alkali, or tincture of benzoin; repeat it every day, and the symptoms will soon disappear.

WARTS

May be removed by the application of sal ammoniac dissolved in water.

CHAPPED HANDS.

The pain of this troublesome complaint will be speedily relieved by the following preparation:—Three drachms of bole armenia, three drachms of myrrh, and three drachms of white lead, pounded; these ingredients must be mixed up with goose-grease, or sweet lard, and rubbed on the hands at night, covering them with soft leather gloves.

Or take equal parts of benzoin and storax, dissolve them in a sufficient quantity of spirits of wine, and drop a few drops into very pure water, with which you may wash the hands occasionally.

REDNESS OF THE EYE-LIDS; OR, BLOOD-SHOT EYES.

Take some hyssop, and tie it up in a bit of muslin, put it into hot water, and bathe the eyes with it three or four times a day, keeping it moderately warm. Dragon's blood, powdered, may be put in the water.

FOR CURING PIMPLES AND CARBUNCLES.

Water in which salt-petre has been dissolved is a safe and easy remedy.

Or you may make use of the following:—Take flowers of sulphur and refined salt-petre, of each half an ounce; good white precipitate, two drachms; benzoin, one drachm; pound these to a fine powder, and mix them well, then lay them aside for use. When wanted, mix a small quantity with some scented pomatum, and anoint the face at night.

PROGNOSTICS OF THE WEATHER.

FROM THE WIND.

1. WHEN a storm arises on the 25th, 26th, or 27th, of March, and not before in any point, the succeeding summer is generally dry.

2. If there should be a storm at S. W. or W. S. W. on the 19th, 20th, or 22d, the succeeding summer is generally wet.

3. When a storm arises from an easterly point, either on the 19th, 20th, or 21st, the succeeding summer is dry four times in five.

FROM THE CLOUDS.

1. When the clouds appear to dissolve suddenly into air, and become invisible, it may be considered as a strong indication of fair weather; but, on the contrary, when they seem to form themselves into large and heavy masses, rain may be expected. Also, when the face of the sky is covered with small fragments of clouds equally dispersed, rain may be expected within twenty-four hours.

2. When the clouds appear like fleeces, deep and dense towards the middle, and white at the edges, with a deep blue sky, hasty showers of rain, hail, or snow, will soon fall.

3. When the sky is covered with clouds above, and there are small black fragments, like smoke, underneath, rain is generally near, and frequently lasting.

4. When the clouds in the east, about sun rise, appear of a gay orange colour, it is generally a sign of rain. A deep blue sky is also, though contrary to the vulgar opinion, a decisive sign of rain.

FROM THE MOON.

A pale moon prognosticates rain; a red moon stormy weather; when she wears her own natural colour fair weather may be expected.

Mr. Jones, in his "Physiological Disquisitions," observes, that when it rains during a moon, the following change will probably produce fair weather for a few days, and then a continuation of rain; but, on the contrary, when it has been fair throughout, and rains at the change, fair weather may be expected about the fourth or fifth day of the moon, and is likely to continue as before.

The general uneasiness of birds, on the approach of wet, may also serve as a rule. Nature having furnished them with an oil bag near the rump, from which they are anxious to supply their feathers, to protect them from the rain.

The visitation of bees may also be considered as an intimation of fine weather; as those insects rarely quit their hive in time of rain.

DRAMATIC RECORDS.

AS a few cursory remarks on the subject of theatrical performances may not be unacceptable to many of our readers, we have determined on giving periodically a few brief observations on performances and performers, more with a view to entertain, than to influence any of our readers; and though we shall at all times sedulously endeavour to pay the just tribute to merit, we shall be cautious in avoiding all such invidious comparisons as may tend to depreciate any anxious candidate for public fame; and, without entering on a minute detail of the regular performances, merely comment on the novelties most interesting at either theatre.

HAYMARKET.

This theatre was opened on Monday, December 3, by the proprietors of the late theatre, Covent Garden. A few alterations have been made in the house, and the whole is fitted up in a neat and elegant manner. A new farce was performed that evening, called "A School for Authors," written by the late Mr. Tobin, author of "The Honeymoon," and "The Curfew," which has met with merited success. The dialogue is lively and spirited, the satire poignant, yet wholly divested of that pointed malignity which disgraces some of our popular pieces: no low buffoonery, nor wretched puns, betray the insufficiency of the author, or raise a laugh at the expence of the understanding. The *retort piquant*, and the ludicrous, yet natural situations, into which the characters are occasionally thrown, are sufficient to raise the mirth and gratify the taste of a discerning public. It would be superfluous to detail the plot, which has been already laid before the public in the daily papers; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with passing a few comments on the performers, nor have we any occasion to particularise the principal, as every part was sustained with correctness and spirit. Munden was quite at home in the character of the Tenacious Author, which, though affording but a new colouring to the outline of Sir Fretful Plagiary, is a copy delineated with judgment, from an excellent original; he displayed the vis comica with happy effect, and successfully banished the demon of dullness.—Miss Norton, in the character of Jane, exhibited her talents to much greater advantage than in those sentimental characters which she generally over-acts, and gave great pleasure by the arch vivacity she displayed; there was something peculiarly animated in her manner of repeating—"But it must succeed,"—"It will succeed,"—"It shall succeed;" while the alternate elevation and depression of her voice, as hope and doubt operated on her mind, was a convincing proof of the facility with which

she can enter into the spirit of the author.—Mr. Brunton was, as usual, genteel, interesting, and unaffected.—Mr. Farley displayed with judgment the self-sufficiency of a would-be-critic; and Miss Logan acted the Waiting-Woman to perfection: we think, however, that a less fanciful dress would have been more appropriate.—Mr. Jones, who has been lately engaged, was inimitable in his personification of the Consequential Footman, and possesses an easy assurance, without any excess of affectation. In this line he may successfully vie with Mr. R. Palmer, and in time prove an equal acquisition to the managers.

December 16.—"Town and Country" was performed at this theatre, for the first time; after which a New Ballet, composed by Rossi, of the Opera House. The play was admirably supported. Mr. Young astonished and delighted the audience; his transitions from the acutest feelings, to the spirited exertion of active benevolence, was striking and impressive, while the delightful modulation of his fine manly voice sunk deep into the heart of every auditor. Nothing can be imagined finer than his acting in the scene where he discovers the supposed elopement of Rosalia, or in the part where his father accuses him of envying his brother; his reply—"I do, indeed; I envy him the place he holds there," placing his hand upon his father's heart: action, voice, look, every thing, corresponded to mark the conflicting sensations of filial love and wounded sensibility. Mr. Young may be accused of imitating Mr. Kemble; yet how can he attain any degree of excellence, without treading in the steps of that standard of dramatic perfection? But he is no servile copyist; his touches of exquisite feeling and dignified heroism are perfectly original; nor does he for a moment lessen the interest of the scene by that censurable abstraction from the business of the stage, of which many veteran performers are justly accused. In one part only Mr. Young appears inferior to the great Kemble—in the sarcastic acrimony which he should betray in the

gaming-house. Candour and philanthropy seem to glow too warmly in his breast, to admit of such an opposite guest; but the hasty effusions of indignant virtue, made ample compensation.—Mr. Jones supported the character of Plastic with great credit; he entered with spirit into the lively humour of the part, and received the most flattering encouragement from the audience.—Miss Norton was interesting in the character of Rosalia: her action is rather too redundant, and the frequent pressure of her hand upon her breast both unnatural and inelegant: time will, no doubt, correct these little inaccuracies, and render her performance highly praise-worthy. Her tones are touching, and in the expression—"Rosalia will never wound the heart that loves her," she was peculiarly impressive.

The Ballet has little, except the music, to recommend it.—The dresses are indifferent; and though the scene is laid in Scotland, the music is chiefly English. The overture is sprightly, and well composed; the harp accompaniment introduced with scientific taste. A Pas du Trois, by the Misses Adams, was delightfully danced to the favourite tune of "O the moment was sad!" the variations of which were skilfully arranged.—Master Byrne displayed his inimitable graces to advantage.—Of the Infant Prodigy we cannot say much; the child dances in an astonishing manner, but common sense and true taste must withhold applause from such premature exertions. The piece succeeded, and may have a short run.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Little novelty has been presented at this house. On Monday, December 13, the drama of "Venoni" was reproduced, with an entire new third act. The alteration has heightened the interest of the plot, and confirmed the success of the piece. The excellent acting of Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons, and Mr. Elliston, cannot be too highly extolled.

December 16.—A gentleman, of the name of Marshall, came forward, a vocal candidate for fame, in the part of Captain Belville; his voice is good, and his deportment unembarrassed. He was flatteringly received.

Observations on the Fashions.

The dresses continue with little variation; they are mostly made to come high in the neck, with small plaits from the collar to the waist. The sleeves full at the top, and plaited into a band at the wrist. Small trains are again in fashion.

The scarlet gipsey cloak is now more general than the pelisse; they are mostly embroidered with chenille. Purple and Spanish brown are the prevailing colours.

The pilgrim hat and mantle is an elegant and becoming dress; an embroidered border of scallop shells gives it a rich and beautiful effect. Shoes of coloured cloth to correspond, are worn.

In full dress, the antique stomacher has again made its appearance, and is likely to be generally adopted; it is chiefly composed of satin, with gold or silver embroidery, and suitable cords and tassels. Pendant ear-rings are considered more fashionable than hoops.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A short cambric walking dress, with a scarlet mantle, trimmed with white floss; tassels of the same.—Bonnet to correspond, ornamented with a white feather in front.

Fig. 2.—A head-dress of white satin, and white feathers.—Amber coloured dress of silk, with white satin sleeves.—Kid shoes and gloves.

LONDON DRESSES for JANUARY. 1809

Published. by Vernor Hood. & Sharp Poultry. Jan.ʸ 1 1809.

BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY)
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THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

ODE TO THE NEW YEAR.

NOW circling time, with ever rapid haste,
Another year has stolen in his flight;
And now revolving earth again has traced
Her annual circuit round the orb of light.

Stern winter comes, and his attendant train;
Now snow, and storms, and biting frosts appear;
While bitter piercing winds, and pelting rain,
Alternate usher in the new-born year.

Arm'd with the terrors of the skies it comes,
And riding on the wings of tempests dire,
Makes its first entrance, wrapt in sullen glooms,
Or boist'rous raging in its dread attire.

Severe its infant aspect,—on its brow
No cheering smile is ever seen to play,
But globmy and forbidden to the view,
It frowns terrific on its natal day.

How dark and dreary the surrounding scene,
How joyless and how desolate appear
The fields and woods, robb'd of their verdant green!
How bleak the prospect of the rising year!

Deep wrapp'd in snow, or bound in icy chains,
Neglected lays the lately smiling land;
While o'er the mournful face of nature reigns
Silence, and desolation's iron hand.

And lo! the dreadful ravages of war
Now wide extend o'er Europe's bloodstained shores!
The brazen-throated trumpet from afar,
In unison with nature's tumult roars!

The dreadful monument shall evermore
Remain on record in th' historic page,
Of fell ambition,—curs'd lust of pow'r,—
Remorseless cruelty, and lawless rage.

But in this happy—this thrice happy land—
Where though we *feel for*, yet we *do not feel*,
The miseries that war's destroying hand
Makes thousands suffer, for their country's weal.

Let us with gratitude and fervour pray,
That these calamities may shortly cease:
And, when we next hail this returning day,
The world may rest in universal peace.

D——n. X. Y. Z.

JAMIE AND JANE.

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

'TWAS noon, and the sea-waves with white foam were rolling,
And low in their channels young Jamie was seen;
Around his torn bark cold Boreas' blasts howling,
Each rending on Clyde's banks the heart of his Jane.

She saw him hard struggle, 'midst high billows dashing,
And envied the kisses they stole from his cheek;
Then grasp'd for his brown locks, that surges were washing,
Which late o'er his shoulders hung comely and sleek.

Oh, cease ye proud billows, my Jamie afflicting,
He sinks to the bottom—he rises again—
Oh, send him in safety, ye high powers protecting,
Or give me to snatch my dear lad from the main.

Oh, Jamie, my sweet youth! now where shall I find thee,
Beneath the green billows he feels death thy dart;
The Naïds, with sea-weeds enamour'd, will bind thee,
And rival thy Janie—alas! my poor heart.

No more on Clyde's sweet banks let soft breezes blowing,
Nor primrose, nor daisy, bedeck the deep vale:
O'er the breast of my Jamie the liquid floods flowing,
Bid Jane and each pleasure a lasting farewell.

Yarmouth, Nov. 20, 1808. DAVID SERVICE,
Author of the "Wild Harp's Murmurs."

TO SLEEP,

WITH AN INVOCATION TO FANCY.

COME, balmy god! come, soothing power,
Now Cynthia's climb'd her azure tower,
And lead me to thy halcyon bower,
Where stilness reigns;
There on thy couch, in sleep profound,
While nodding poppies breath around,
O let me lay, and keep me bound
In silken chains.

And while I own thy sweet domain,
May sportive fancy's airy train
Diffuse their empire o'er my brain,
Of lovely scenes;
Such as bold fiction's tell tale throng
Oft pour in sweetly flowing song,
Of Arcadia, whose vales among
Dwell sylvan queens.

Let me obey her soft command,
What time she waves her magic wand,
And stray thro' groves in fairy land,
'Side tepid stream;
Where on the dewy velvet green,
Unnumber'd frolic elves are seen,
Dancing around their pigmy queen
By Luna's beam.

But where fell death terrific spreads
His spoils by thousands o'er the meads,
Where many a lifeless vet'ran bleeds,
From kindred torn;
Where towns in smoaking ruins lie,
Where thunders rend the vaulted sky,
And iron globes promiscuous fly,
By motion borne.

O let me ever turn aside,
Nor dare to view the streaming tide,
Where in huge surges torrents glide
Down heaps of slain;
Or where, mid awful gloom of night,
Is heard the solitary sprite,
From a lone turret's giddy height,
In yelling strain.

Nor 'ere let me presume to tread
O'er sacred mansions of the dead,
Where pale-eyed fear uplifts her head
From mould'ring shrine;
Or in some convent's gloomy halls,
Where sunny radiance never falls,
But tapers round its Gothic walls
So feebly shine.

Me softer scenes would better please,
Couch'd on the downy lap of ease,
Beneath the shade of whisp'ring trees,
Absorb'd in love.

Pressing my Delia's rosy cheek,
Whose hair curls on her ivory neck,
While motley wreaths her temple deck,
With flow'rets wove.

With her t' enjoy the gifts divine,
Diffused at love's eternal shrine,
And round her waist my arms intwine,
Stealing a kiss;
I would forego each earthly care,
And mirth's frequented road beware,
Might I but with my Delia share
Connubial bliss.

Finsbury, Nov. 5, 1808. JOSEPH HAWKINS.

LINES

On a Rose presented to the Author by Miss F. D.

SHALL I tell thee, sweet rose, why to me thou art dear?
Why I gaze on thy fast-fading beauties for ever;
Why my lips on thy blossom I press? why, I swear,
No chance my sweet rose from my bosom shall sever.

Since the bright pow'r of poesy beam'd on my mind,
And taught me to love what in nature was fairest;
To each simple beauty my heart was inclin'd,
But the rose, still the rose, to that heart was far dearest.

The sweet flow'r of sentiment, sweet flow'r of love,
Simplicity's emblem, and emblem of beauty;
The tulip's gay splendor the croud may approve,
But the rose claims the lover's and poet's fond duty.

Then hear, lovely rose!—As I pass'd where you grew,
With a heart to your beauties thus previously glowing,
The zephyr's sweet breath stole thy sweets, and the dew
Of mild eve gemm'd the bramble on which you were blowing.

I admiringly stopt, when a hand, lily fair,
Which was pointed thy gay opening blossom to shew me,
Shook the pearls from thy flow'r with a provident care,
Then pluck'd thee, my rose, and presented thee to me.

And a voice, sweetly tun'd, as the music that flows
From sad Philomela, of Sereus complaining,
Softly breath'd in my ear, "'Tis the first gather'd rose;"
I took, and I kiss'd thee, with rapture past feigning.

Perhaps thou hast sprung 'neath the beam of her eye,
Perhaps 'neath her care to maturity growing,
She has smil'd when you smil'd, when you droop'd heav'd a sigh,
And with pleasure has hail'd the glad hour of your blowing.

Thus I've told thee, sweet rose, *why* to me thou art dear,
Why I gaze on thy fast fading beauties for ever;
Why my lips on thy blossom I press—why I swear,
No chance my lov'd rose from my bosom shall sever.

W. R.

EXTEMPORAL LINES,

At the Request of a Young Lady, with whom the Author had the Pleasure of travelling some Miles in a Stage-Coach.

"Comes fœcundus in via pro Vetuculo est."

SWEET prepossessions, every winning grace,
Spake from thy tongue, and mantled in thy face;
Engaging fair! the muse devotes this lay,
Thy soft and gentle manners to pourtray;
By mild good-nature's artless charms refin'd,
I mark'd the native beauties of thy mind:
From pride exempt, in conversation free,
The crystal stream of affability
Is thine, and thine the tender feeling breast,
In generous sympathy to grief confess'd;
Whilst on thy damask cheek Hygeia's rose,
Its vivid blossoms in profusion shows.

The white-wing'd minutes flew away so fast,
So sweetly-pleasing in progression past,
That fond reflection lingers on thy smile,
Which lent its aid my journey to beguile;
As swiftly pacing steeds their courses run,
And made full *thirty miles* appear as one.

W. P.

INSCRIPTION FOR A GROTTO.

WHAT are all the fleeting pleasures
Man with ceaseless toil pursues?
Vain his well concerted measures!
Sorrow still his cup imbues.

Name not friendship, lives it ever
In the heart of pleasure's slave;
Vice her tender ties will sever,
Treachery dooms her to the grave.

Name not love, that sweet deceiver,
Like the meteor's vivid glare;
Ah! take heed how you believe her,
Take my caution, Oh! beware.

Seek in this retreat secluded,
Peace you ne'er can find with man;
By false hopes no more deluded,
Here be happy, if you can.

Nov. 15, 1808.

SOLUTION

OF THE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

BEHOLD yonder female, whose scarce cover'd form
Is expos'd to the breath of December's bleak storm,
In wretchedness doom'd thus to roam;
Not a *shoe* to her foot has the wanderer got;
With mis'ry she sighs o'er her sorrowful lot,
For she has not a friend, nor a home!

Yet once she was fair!—and was happy as fair!
The morn brought no anguish,—the night brought no care!
Nor want nor misfortune she knew;
But seduction address'd her in flattering strain,
She listen'd!—was ruin'd!—then first she found pain!
Then peace from her bosom first flew!

It flew to return not!—disease and despair
Swift spread their fierce pangs through the form of the fair!
And she own'd her unfortunate doom!
She lives by chance gifts, which she trembles to ask;
But nature will soon end her sorrowful task!—
Let us wish her repose in the tomb!

Dec. 2, 1808. J. M. L.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lines written on the Close of a Battle, in our next.

J. M. L. will find a line in answer to his note, at the Publishers.

Sir John Fickle and Lady Constant in our next.

The Landscape is unavoidably deferred.

Lines to a Young Lady Weeping on a Tombstone, and Verses on the Death of an Infant Sister, shall have early insertion.

From the vast quantity of *useless* communications periodically received by us, we are under the necessity of requesting our correspondents to be particular in paying the postage of their letters.

We hope we are not forgotten by N. Fraisinet.

Mr. Puff, the perfumer, has our thanks for his attention to the ladies, but he must learn that we never recommend to our female readers the use of cosmetics. Temperance, modesty, and clean water, are sufficient to beautify any complexion. Some of his *simple* preparations shall be noticed in our Domestic Guide.

Theatricus will find we have adopted something like the plan he hinted at, in the present number.

Rather than wound the tenacious feelings of an author, we usually prefer *silence*, but when forced to a disclosure of our motives, we reluctantly comply with the importunities of our correspondents. T. Y. might, we think, have understood us; however, since he demands the unpleasant truth, we must declare, that although he may possess a facility of rhyming, much study of grammatical rules will be necessary to make him a poet. Such lines as we subjoin could not possibly be inserted, without subjecting the author and ourselves to ridicule.

"*Her* sickness *fly*, and health *advance* apace,
To give the bloom that once adorned *thy* face."

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Mrs Litchfield.

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